

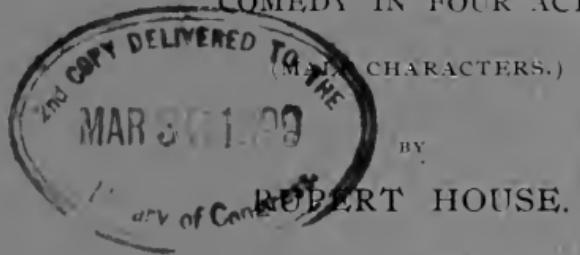
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(MALE CHARACTERS.)

BY

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HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

(FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY.)

BY

RUPERT HOUSE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

MR. STRONG, retired gentleman.

CHARLES, his nephew.

HARRY, Charles' friend.

MR. ADAMS, } Of the firm Adams & Buckley,

MR. BUCKLEY, } Charles' employers.

1. CUSTOMER.

2. CUSTOMER.

A PHYSICIAN.

A POLICEMAN.

PLACE OF ACTION: } Acts 1 and 4—Mr. Strong's room.
 } Act 2—Adams & Buckley's store.
 } Act 3—Garden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(Charles and Harry seated at table.)

HARRY (finishing his cup of coffee)—Now then, it is time for me to be going. (Rises.)

CHARLES—Have another cup, and wait until Uncle's return, at least,—then you can see for yourself that he looks anything but well.

HARRY—I cannot wait. In the meantime, you will kindly remember me to him. I have previously remarked that you are unnecessarily worried about him. At any rate, take my advice, and do not intimate your fears to him.

CHARLES—Why not? I am interested in him. Suppose he should question me to that effect?

HARRY—Even in that case it will not be well to express your opinion. People do not like to hear the truth, when it is of an unpleasant nature.

CHARLES (rising)—Harry, you wouldn't advise me to become a liar and hypocrite. You know my motto, "Honesty is the best policy."

HARRY (laughing)—My dear man, you just practice your motto till you go to your grave,—then you will be the happy possessor of nothing,—you will receive nothing,—and nobody will want anything of you.

CHARLES—Nonsense!

HARRY—Wait, and you will see!

CHARLES—My motto is all right, however you may ridicule it, and I shall stick to it.

HARRY (putting on his gloves)—That's right,—live up to it, and your conscience will never disturb your slumbers. But take my word for it, you will be disappointed and suffer wrong many a time, if you are going to carry that principle with you through life.

CHARLES—Very well; I am prepared for all sorts of evil consequences, but nothing shall ever make me flinch from the truth. I cannot understand how you can make such an assertion. How can honesty, sincerity and truth be the cause of mischief? Never!

HARRY—And yet it is so. The world wants to be deceived, so let it be deceived. Bitter experience will teach you wisdom. (Takes his hat.)

CHARLES—I should like to know what harm could possibly come to me if I always admit the truth. You cannot scare me.

HARRY—Do you ask what harm could come to you? I am not a prophet, but I will say this: If you, Charles Strong, Mr. Strong's nephew and future heir, the affianced

of pretty and lovely Miss Grace Sage, chief clerk of Adams & Buckley—

CHARLES (impatiently)—Rubbish!

HARRY—I say, if you were to risk, say, for eight consecutive days, to tell the plain truth, without discrimination, you will find yourself disowned and disinherited by your uncle,—discharged by your employers,—and even dear Grace would give you the walking-papers.

CHARLES (laughing, drops into a chair)—That beats all. You ought to go and establish a shop for fortune-telling.

HARRY—Gently, my boy, I will predict even more: If you continue to be such a stickler for truth, you, Charlie Strong, will be finally arrested as a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

CHARLES (rising)—Enough of nonsense. Do you take me for a fool.

HARRY—That remains to be seen. I propose a wager that my prediction will come true. If I lose, I shall invite you to a fine supper and a seat in the opera. If you lose, I am your guest. How is that? (Offers his hand.)

CHARLES—I ought not to do it, because I am convinced that you will be the loser. (Takes his hand.) Not for the sake of the money, but in order to defend the much-abused Truth, will I take this wager. When shall we begin the experiment?

HARRY—at once, if you like. It will be proven so much the sooner, who of us is right, and who is wrong. (Looks at his watch.) It is nine now. Your uncle will come to breakfast presently, so you can begin to talk truth at once, and you must continue talking truth, and nothing but the naked truth, for eight days, unless you are convicted of insanity before then.

CHARLES—Don't worry; I am sure of victory. Good-bye!

HARRY—Good-bye! I wish you good success. Of course the matter is between us. (Exit.)

CHARLES—That is understood. (Alone.) Such a silly wager has undoubtedly never before been made. Well, Harry doesn't want better. He will have to pay for his rashness. Ah, here comes uncle.

SCENE II.

(Mr. Strong. Charles.)

MR. STRONG (wearing dressing gown and cap)—Good morning, Charles.

CHARLES—Good morning, dear uncle. How do you feel?

MR. STRONG—How are you, Charles. (Is seated.) This third cup tells me you had company.

CHARLES—My friend, Harry was here; he wished to be remembered, as he could not stay any longer. (Is seated.)

MR. STRONG—Thank you. (Drinks coffee.) Did you sleep well, Charles?

CHARLES—Not very well; I had a headache.

MR. STRONG—Incredible! A headache at your age? What airs young people put on nowadays! When I was your age, I was hardly conscious of having a head, except when I combed my hair. And that is the case to this day. Look at me, don't I look hale and hearty, in spite of my years?

CHARLES—It appears to me that you are not looking real well, uncle.

MR. STRONG—What? I not look well? I am in the best of health, if you please!

CHARLES—You look too stout—too full-blooded,—and for that reason ———

MR. STRONG—And for that reason I am likely to have a stroke of apoplexy;—is that what you wish to say?

CHARLES—That is it, uncle.

MR. STRONG (strikes table violently)—You be hanged! How dare you tell me anything like that to my face?

CHARLES—You asked me, uncle, and I told you the truth.

MR. STRONG—But it isn't at all considerate of you. I half imagine you would like to see me dead.

CHARLES—No, uncle, I assure you, I should mourn your loss sincerely, if perhaps not excessively.

MR. STRONG—Not excessively perhaps? Just listen

to my gentle nephew! Ah, but you would, perhaps, be pleased about the fat inheritance?

CHARLES—Yes, uncle.

MR. STRONG (jumps up)—This is too much. You are getting worse all the time! One insult after the other. (Steps up to Charles.) What is the meaning of this, sir?

CHARLES—Nothing; except that I want to tell the truth. Neither fear nor favor can keep me from telling it.

MR. STRONG (laughing)—Ah, there's light on the subject now. You simply said this all in fun, to amuse your uncle, did you not, Charles?

CHARLES—Not by any means. I was in downright earnest when I said it.

MR. STRONG—What? Are you serious? Good heavens, you are not (motions with finger towards forehead; then takes hold of Charles' hand, and looks into his eyes.) My dear young man, you must have been working too hard. Those monstrous books and figures are bothering your head and distracting your thoughts. Now, aren't they?

CHARLES—No, uncle, although my head is fatigued by the work, my thoughts are very clear.

MR. STRONG—What? Your mind clear! Then I am to consider all that you have said,—an expression of your sentiments?

CHARLES—Exactly, uncle.

MR. STRONG—Then listen to me, man; if you are not insane, you are the vilest, most ungrateful creature the sun shines upon. Tell me, have you forgotten all the kindness I have bestowed upon you?

CHARLES—Certainly not, uncle.

MR. STRONG—That I took you into my house when you were a forsaken orphan?

CHARLES—No, uncle; I think of it every day.

MR. STRONG—And that I cared for you, like a father for his only son,—have you forgotten all that?

CHARLES—No, uncle.

MR. STRONG—if you remember all that, Charles, you certainly would be disconsolate if I should die; wouldn't you?

CHARLES—No, uncle, I would not, because no young man grieves himself to death upon the demise of an uncle.

MR. STRONG—Young man, take that back, or—

CHARLES—I can not, because I speak the truth.

MR. STRONG (furious)—Indeed, young man, you speak the truth. Then listen to my orders: You will leave my house at once; you may send for your effects. Never come into my sight again, ungrateful creature! You shall not get one cent of my money!

CHARLES—But Uncle—

MR. STRONG (takes hold of him by the arm)—Enough of this; I don't want to hear another word from you. Begone, you viper, that has drunk my heart's blood! (Puts him out.)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT II.

STORE.—In the center a counter, dry goods and a yard-stick upon it. Charles is seated behind it, resting his head upon hand.

SCENE I.

Charles (sighing heavily)—It is dreadful,—dreadful! Who would have thought it? Turned out and disinherited by uncle—and yet I have always loved him as I would love a father—have never consciously offended him; and now he treats me thus; why? simply because I have candidly and sincerely told him the truth. In truth, it almost seems that Harry is right in saying that the world wishes to be deceived. Be that as it may, for my part, I shall not deceive; Fidelity and Honesty shall be my principle, happen what may. (Begins measuring goods with yard-stick.)

SCENE II.

(Charles and Mr. Buckley.)

MR. BUCKLEY (wearing pen over his ear)—Ah, there you are at last. I looked for you before this. Why are you so late to-day?

CHARLES—I beg your pardon, Mr. Buckley, it was on account of my uncle.

MR. BUCKLEY—Is your uncle ill?

CHARLES—No, but it appears to me that he is going to take sick.

MR. BUCKLEY—That is rather a poor excuse for being late. I hope you are not telling me an untruth!

CHARLES—Mr. Buckley, you know that I never tell an untruth.

MR. BUCKLEY—For what reason did your uncle detain you so long?

CHARLES—He did not detain me.

MR. BUCKLEY—I do declare! Explain yourself.

CHARLES—My uncle has forbidden me the house.

MR. BUCKLEY—How? Wha—at is that?

CHARLES—I have been thrown out of the house and disowned for telling the truth.

MR. BUCKLEY—Is it possible? What wrong have you done?

CHARLES—It is my opinion that I have done no wrong. I told him the truth when I intimated that he isn't looking very well.

MR. BUCKLEY—That was not prudent. It isn't always well, nor necessary, to tell people the truth to their face. Here is some one. I will see you later. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

(First Customer and Charles.)

1. CUSTOMER—Good day!

CHARLES—Good day, sir. What can I do for you?

CUSTOMER—I want some handkerchiefs similar to those in the show-case.

CHARLES—Very well. (Offers some for selection.) Kindly select.

CUSTOMER—Can I rely upon them as fast color?

CHARLES—No, no, sir—they fade.

CUSTOMER—Why, you have labeled them “fast color”—have you not?

CHARLES—Yes, but people who have purchased them have made complaints.

CUSTOMER—Really? But how can you sell goods for something which they are not?

CHARLES—You are right; that ought not to be.

SCENE IV.

(Charles, Mr. Buckley and Customer.)

CUSTOMER—Then why don't you remove the false labels?

MR. BUCKLEY (hastily entering from the right)—How? Have these labels not yet been removed? Remove them at once! They got there by mistake, sir; we never sell goods for fast colors unless we are sure that they will retain their color. Can I do anything else for you?

CUSTOMER—Not anything for the present; later, perhaps. (Exit.)

MR. BUCKLEY (sternly, to Charles, who is removing labels)—Just leave the labels where they are. What is the matter with you? How dare you tell anything of the kind to customers? I heard it all.

CHARLES—Then you probably know that I said nothing but the truth.

MR. BUCKLEY—You make me tired with your truth. It is stupidity—the height of stupidity. Let people find out themselves whether the colors are fast or not?

CHARLES—But it would have been at a loss to this man.

MR. BUCKLEY—What is that to you? I advise you earnestly not to play us another such foolish trick, or we shall have to do without you, you blockhead. (Exit excitedly to the right.)

CHARLES (alone)—Here I am charged with having played a foolish trick for having admitted the truth. That is a fine mixing up of ideas. (Thoughtful) I fear the experiment will not turn out well.

SCENE V.

2. CUSTOMER—I should like to look at the silk you have advertised. Will you kindly let me have a sample?

CHARLES—with pleasure; one moment! (Gets a piece of the goods and places it upon table.) There, sir.

CUSTOMER—Is this French silk?

CHARLES—N——— No!

CUSTOMER—What? Why, you have marked it so. How do you explain this?

CHARLES—Yes, it is marked so, but— —

CUSTOMER—What do you mean? Is it possibly a mistake?

CHARLES—I don't believe it. The labels have been put on purposely.

CUSTOMER—I see; simply an inducement to deceive the public. This is a fine business house—a veritable gang of swindlers. You shall never see me here again, and I shall certainly warn my friends. (Exit.)

(Mr. Buckley and Mr. Adams enter in haste from the right.)

MR. BUCKLEY—Man! Confound you! Have you lost your mind? Do you wish to ruin us?

MR. ADAMS (stammering)—Y——— y——— you st—stup—stupid ass, are driving away all our cus—cus—tomers!

MR. BUCKLEY—What is the meaning of your actions? Explain yourself!

MR. ADAMS—Yes, yes; ex—x—pl—plain yourself!

CHARLES—I was asked and answered the truth.

MR. BUCKLEY—Be hanged with your truth! You are mad, crazy, insane! We have no use for lunatics here! Leave our house instantly! There is the door!

MR. ADAMS (grasping yard-stick, threateningly)—Yes, at on—on—ce!

CHARLES (taking his hat)—But, sirs, I beg of you—

MR. BUCKLEY—Not another word; go, get out!

MR. ADAMS—Yes, g—g—get out! (Both put him out.)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT III.

Woods or garden. A bench.

SCENE I.

CHARLES (entering slowly from the right, sits down, dejectedly)—I want rest. This aimless wandering about is tiresome. I shall not return to the city until dark, so that no one may know of my wretched condition. My God, what has befallen me! Disowned by my uncle—discharged by the firm—and, worst of all, faithlessly forsaken by the one who had pledged herself to marry me. How can I bear these blows, my brains are burning with fever. (Supports head with hand.)

SCENE II.

(Harry. Charles.)

HARRY (coming from the left)—Hello! Why, there is the lost son, a martyr for truth and honesty. (Touches Charles upon the shoulder.) Hello, old fellow! What difficult problem are you about to solve?

CHARLES (looking up)—Ah, it is you, Harry! How fortunate to meet you! I am miserably unhappy, wretched.

HARRY—I believe it, my honest friend, but you would not listen, so you must take the consequences.

CHARLES—Do you know the misfortunes that have befallen me?

HARRY—Certainly, I know you have been disowned by your uncle—discharged by your employers, as I said you would, and the rest will undoubtedly follow: I mean, your dear Grace will break the engagement.

CHARLES (ironically)—My dear Grace? She has done so already, the faithless woman!

HARRY—What? Has it really come to this?

CHARLES (takes a ring from his vest pocket)—Here is the engagement ring, which she threw at my feet.

HARRY—Well, Charles, I must admit you are going fast. I allowed you eight days, and you accomplish it in one. Now tell me about your affair with Grace. Per-

haps you have been telling her some of your truth! (Sits down besides Charles.)

CHARLES—Yes, she was only too ready to jilt me, and all on account of my love of truth. I hastened to her for comfort in my distress, and told her what had happened at home and at business.

HARRY—You don't tell 'me! That was undoubtedly more honest than prudent. But continue!

CHARLES—I didn't know how to account for Grace's remarkable coolness.

HARRY—Holy Simplicity!

CHARLES—And when I made a remark about this want of sympathy she even reproached me for my foolish and imprudent actions.

HARRY—And I don't blame her!

CHARLES—I endeavored to exonerate myself, but all in vain. She wanted me to promise that I would act more sensible in the future—that is, not make "bad breaks," as she put it, everywhere and at all times,—or we could not possibly get along in life.

HARRY—I assure you, Charles, the girl has a level head; she realizes that one cannot live on love and truth alone. Well, did you promise?

CHARLES—What a question? It was entirely against my principles to make such a promise. Then she called me a fool, and ungrateful, and told me that I had never loved her; and, throwing the ring at my feet, she left me. It is outrageous how sincerity and honesty are rewarded!

HARRY—Really, Charles, I pity you—to lose an inheritance, a position, and your affianced—and all in the space of a few hours. That is a bitter dose—but for the present I cannot help you; you must drain the cup to the last drop—in order to be cured.

(Both get up.)

CHARLES—Isn't this enough misfortune?

HARRY (lightly)—You know the terms of my wager require that you land finally in an insane asylum as your reward for indiscriminately telling people unpleasant truths.

CHARLES—Such will never be the case. It is impossible!

HARRY—Gently, friend—you don't know the world. Never praise the day before the evening.

CHARLES—There is no danger of my praising this day.

HARRY—I really didn't expect that. So much less as I am sure that you will be captured as a fit subject for the lunatic asylum before evening—that is, if they find you.

CHARLES—For heaven's sake! You must be joking? I am as sane as you are.

HARRY—Admitted; but allow me to finish. Your uncle has watched your actions, and after considering your achievements of this one day has come to the conclusion that you are not responsible. (Points to forehead.)

CHARLES—But I have assured him of the contrary.

HARRY (laughing)—All the insane do that. But listen. Then he went to your employers, and was confirmed in his opinion by their report of you.

CHARLES—That is ridiculous!

HARRY—Still more: your employers thought you had a screw loose, too.

CHARLES—The villains.

HARRY—Still more: your young lady told you to your very face that you must have lost your mind.

CHARLES—She was excited when she said that, but—

HARRY—Let me finish! The whole world is convinced that young Mr. Strong's mind is unbalanced.

CHARLES—The fools! They certainly never had a mind to lose.

HARRY—They fear you will do some harm, perhaps to yourself—and so it is possible that they will hunt you up and consign you to safe quarters.

CHARLES—I tell you when I recall all that I have gone through to-day, I really believe it possible for that to happen, too. What do you advise me to do?

HARRY—Nothing at all; just let things take their course.

CHARLES—And calmly submit to being taken care of?
But what then?

HARRY—Leave that to me. I shall make my appearance at the right time, and straighten up matters satisfactorily. But upon my word! There is your uncle. I am going. Remember our wager!—(laughing)—and your motto! (Exit to right.)

CHARLES (sits down and buries head in both hands)—
These are bitter, painful experiences. Who would have thought it?

SCENE III.

(The elder Mr. Strong and police enter stealthily from left.)

MR. STRONG (enters first and, turning, winks to police)—S—; here he is! Thank god that we have found him at last! My, but he looks wild! You can see from a distance that he has gone stark mad. (Calls him.) Charles, my poor boy, here is your uncle!

CHARLES (jumping up)—My dear uncle, I am pleased to see you.

MR. STRONG (aside to policeman)—Make haste, so that he does not escape. (To Charles.) Poor boy, how are you?

CHARLES—My dear uncle, I am so— (The officer slips a rope about his arms, from the rear.) What is this? What do you mean? Release me at once! Uncle, help me!

MR. STRONG—Just keep quiet, dear boy. Everything will be for your best. Follow this gentleman; no harm shall come to you.

POLICE—Yes, come along; resistance is of no avail.

CHARLES—But for the Lord's sake, what do you mean to do? Has the world gone crazy?

MR. STRONG—Keep quiet, my boy; the least bit of excitement is dangerous. I trust, things will be all right soon. I shall hurry to get the wagon. (Exit.)

POLICE (drawing him by rope)—Come, come, let us be off! I see people coming this way.

CHARLES—And has it come to this? Captured and secured like a lunatic. It is terrific! (Exit both.)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

MR. STRONG'S APARTMENT.—Charles reclines on a sofa, his hands and feet tied. Not far distant his uncle, Messrs. Buckley & Adams, as also a physician surround him.

MR. STRONG—Poor boy! how I sympathize with him. If only he understood one word of what I say!

CHARLES—Harry will soon be here; he will tell you all.

MR. STRONG—The same fixed idea; that is all that he has been repeating. Doctor, what is your opinion of him?

PHYSICIAN (looks at Charles, feels his pulse, raises shoulders, and shakes head)—I do not care to express my opinion until I hear of the patient's actions to-day. Mr. Strong, will you kindly tell me whether you noticed anything peculiar in your nephew's manner of acting before he left you this morning.

MR. STRONG—Doctor, when I first saw him this morning, in this room, he had such a peculiar expression about the mouth; He complained of a headache, too. Then he got furious—said it was a matter of indifference to him whether I died that very minute, and then ran off like one possessed of the devil.

PHYSICIAN—That is dreadful! And how did young Strong impress you, gentlemen?

MR. BUCKLEY—Judging from his actions, I must arrive at the conclusion that he is not sane.

MR. ADAMS—Yes, in—n—d—deed; he must be to—to—total—ly cr— — —razy.

PHYSICIAN—What did he do? What did he say?

MR. BUCKLEY—Why, he drove away our customers by his strange manner.

MR. ADAMS—H—he c—cal—led us vil—l—lains and fr— —rauds. (Makes a fist at Charles.)

PHYSICIAN—Horrible!

MR. STRONG—The poor boy didn't know what he was saying.

MR. BUCKLEY—When I reproached him for it, he made an attempt to strike me with the yard-stick.

MR. ADAMS—And h—he thr—threw me d—down, and j—j—jumped over me. (Charles attempts to get up; all step back frightened. Charles laughs.)

MR. BUCKLEY—The malicious fool is laughing at the tricks he has played us. I believe he would do us some deadly injury had he the power.

MR. ADAMS—L—look out f—for him, h—he at—temp—p—ted to ta—ke his br—bride's l—life.

MR. STRONG—What is that?

PHYSICIAN—Terrible!

MR. BUCKLEY—Yes, it is dreadful! The poor child came to the store, and told us all, shedding bitter tears. He attempted to stab her with a knife. But she escaped and cried for help.

CHARLES (attempts to get up)—You scoundrels, that's a confounded lie!

MR. ADAMS (frightened)—H—h—help! He is gr—r—rowing violent!

MR. STRONG—What is your opinion, doctor? Is it safe to keep him here?

PHYSICIAN—Under no circumstances! He must be taken to an asylum, as soon as possible; before his violence reaches its climax. The conveyance is waiting at the door; in the meantime, I will write his ticket of admission. (Is seated at the table in the act of writing.)

CHARLES (attempts to rise)—This is ridiculous; if only Harry would come.

MR. STRONG (approaching him)—Just be calm, Charles; these gentlemen and I will take you to Harry.

MR. BUCKLEY—He won't go.

MR. ADAMS—I w—wi—ll gr—ab him by the l—l—legs, th—at he m—may not b—b—ite. (Going for Charles.)

PHYSICIAN (turning)—Be careful, gentlemen!

SCENE II.

(The same. Harry.)

HARRY (entering hastily)—Ah, here he is; poor, dear boy! What is this? Tied like a wild animal! Wait, I will release you! (Begins to untie rope.)

MR. STRONG—Stop! Stop!

MR. BUCKLEY—Why, he is violently insane! (They try to hold Harry back.)

MR. ADAMS—Oh g—gracious—I am— — of— —off! (Hurries out.)

PHYSICIAN (jumping up to Harry)—Sir, what are you doing? There will be a catastrophe. Back!

MR. STRONG—He must remain tied!

HARRY—Nonsense! Your nephew is as sane as you and I; take my word for it! (Unties rope.)

MR. STRONG—You don't know what has happened! The poor fellow is stark mad!

HARRY (laughing)—Speak for yourself, Charles; are you?

CHARLES—You know better than that; explain the whole matter to the gentlemen. (Buries face in his hands.)

HARRY—Yes, gentlemen, I can throw light on this tragic-comedy. Listen: This morning I made a bet with my friend Charles, that he couldn't possibly tell the straightforward truth at all times, and everywhere, without encountering the most disagreeable experiences. Is it not so, Charles?

CHARLES (without raising head)—It is so!

HARRY—The test has gone beyond my expectations, and my predictions have been realized. In consequence of his candor and honesty, he was disowned by you, Mr. Strong—discharged by you, Mr. Buckley—estranged from his fiancee—and you, Doctor, were about to consign him to an insane asylum. (Laughing.) I have won the bet, have I not, gentlemen?

PHYSICIAN (taking his hat, with offended air)—In that event, my presence is not required. (Threatening.) I shall not forget this insult to my profession. (Exit.)

MR. STRONG—Good gracious! I hope the doctor hasn't reference to me. I am innocent of the whole business.

CHARLES (rising)—I think, uncle, we are all partly in fault—I as well as Harry, yourself and Mr. Buckley.

HARRY (laughing)—That is undoubtedly the case.

MR. STRONG—I fail to understand you, Charles. Explain yourself.

MR. BUCKLEY—Yes, I want an explanation, too.

CHARLES—You shall have it. You, Mr. Buckley, confirmed my uncle and the doctor in their suspicion that I was insane.

MR. STRONG—So you deceived me.

MR. BUCKLEY—Gentlemen—

CHARLES—Allow me to finish. The truth is, that I informed several customers that the goods were not what they were marked, in consequence of which they did not want these goods. You are at liberty to denounce me for that, Mr. Buckley.

MR. BUCKLEY—I consider it beneath my dignity to have any more words with you. (Exit.)

HARRY (laughing)—He will refrain from taking his case to court, for fear of having his fraudulent transactions exposed.

CHARLES—He would, of course, have preferred to see me put up as a lunatic.

MR. STRONG—Poor fellow; you have gone through a lot of trouble. I suppose the report concerning your assault upon Grace was false, too.

CHARLES—So it was; we had a falling out, that's all.

MR. STRONG (shaking his fist threateningly in direction of door)—The rascals! The liars!

HARRY—Of what do they accuse you, then?

CHARLES—That I attempted to murder her. Ridiculous!

MR. STRONG—Just to think of it. They assured the doctor and myself that Charles attempted murder.

HARRY—The noble souls! Well, Charles, I have just come from your affianced, and have explained the whole case. She is more than willing to make up with you.

CHARLES—You are a true friend, indeed. But of what use is that to me—since I have neither position nor fortune any more?

MR. STRONG—Ridiculous! Am I not your uncle? You shall have both. I shall forget this morning's occurrence, for I was a trifle hasty myself.

HARRY—Bravo, Mr. Strong! that's right.

CHARLES—Uncle, you really will forgive me? Then I am happy; you know I did not mean to offend you. All that I said was, that I wouldn't grieve myself to death if you should die. Do not take it amiss; but your ungrounded fears tempted you to exaggerate the case, when reporting to the doctor.

MR. STRONG—Undoubtedly! I did wrong. But let us forgive and forget. Shake hands. (Offers hand.)

HARRY—Stop! Forgive, but do not forget all!

MR. STRONG (surprised, to Charles)—What does he mean?

CHARLES—Ah, I know; he has reference to the moral of the story.

HARRY—Exactly! Remember, it is not prudent to always sputter out the truth, where there is no necessity for it.

MR. STRONG—I agree with you. It is particularly the case when the truth is unpleasant, because many times the world wants to be deceived.

HARRY—And yet another thing: you lost the bet, so I am going to be your guest some convenient evening.

CHARLES—I assure you, I am more than willing to pay for the experience.

MR. STRONG—Leave that to me! I'll attend to that on the condition that I am a party to the agreement.

CHARLES—with pleasure, Uncle.

HARRY—I shall be more than pleased, Mr. Strong. (Both offer hand.)

CHARLES—Uncle, you are a noble man.

HARRY—That's telling the truth at the right time.

(CURTAIN.)

A WHITE LIE. Comedy in Two Acts for Young Ladies. By ELLA KEATINGE. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS

MRS. MARGARET PAYNE.	MADEMOISELLE DE BASSANO,
LAURA, Her Daughter.	A Teacher of French.
MRS. MARGARET ANDREWS.	MME. JONES, A Dressmaker.
FLORENCE, Her Daughter.	MARY, Mrs. Payne's Maid.

Florence is led into telling a "White Lie" in excuse for not having done her French exercise. In consequence she is forced in a manner most amusing for the audience, but most perplexing for Florence, to tell a number of untruths to guard against being found out, placing herself in the most ludicrous positions, with disastrous consequences. Mademoiselle de Bassano's part is much intermixed with French. A refined and most enjoyable play.

CARNIVAL; or, Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

Comedy in One Act for Young Ladies. Adapted from the French by DOROTHY REYNARTZ. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS

MRS. SMITH, Washerwoman.	Alice,	} Fashionable Young Ladies.
EMILY, Her Daughter.	BESSIE,	
MRS. ALLISON.	PRISCILLEA,	
NELLIE, Her Daughter.	CORNELIA,	} Elderly Maids.

In order to swell their scant income, Emily persuades her mother to let their room to strangers coming to town to see the festivities. She receives more demands for her room than anticipated and their one room is in the course of events let to different parties at once. The complications arising when the various parties arrive to take possession and to retire for the night, are very laughable.

FLIRTATION CURED. Farce Comedy in One Act (Male Characters.) By FRANCIS LESTER. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

....CHARACTERS.....

MEYER, An Elderly Dude.	BERNARD,	} In Ashley's Employ
ASHLEY, Dentist.	PAUL,	
	JOHN,	

Meyer has been annoying Ashley's daughter by persistent attempts to flirt with her. Acting under instructions her servants lure the unfortunate Meyer, who is made to believe that he is going to a rendezvous with her, into her father's office. Ashley, ignorant of all this, sees in Meyer's protestations nothing but a fidgety patient, and succeeds in extracting some of Meyer's teeth in spite of all resistance. The play is uproariously funny.

THE LAST COAT. Comedy in One Act. (Male Characters.)

By JOHN EDGCOME. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

THOMAS DANA, Painter. WOLFGANG GOETH, Poet

RICHARD WAGNEER, Musician. JONES, Landlord.

ISAAC, Old Clothes Dealer.

Three young artists in reduced circumstances find themselves at last without even a penny to buy some food. Their efforts to obtain some edibles on credit end disastrously. Isaac appears as helping hand, and each of the three without knowledge of the others, sells his coat to him. When they meet in their shirt sleeves, an invitation arrives from a wealthy man who offers them his protection. The way how they get to their coats is very entertaining.

A CUP OF COFFEE Comedy in one Act for Young Ladies,

by DOROTHY REYNARTZ. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

MRS. MATHILDA RYAN.

A PEDDLER-WOMAN.

MRS. ROSE O'BRIEN.

A LADY, Collector for Aid Society.

ALICE, Mathilda's Friend.

ANOTHER LADY.

JENNIE, Mathilda's Maid.

A COBBLER'S WIFE.

TWO CHILDREN.

Mathilda returning home finds that Alice has sent her some genuine Mocha-Coffee. She has at once some prepared, but is prevented from enjoying it by a succession of annoying callers, presenting very funny incidents. When at last relieved of all unwelcome company, another disappointment awaits her in place of the anticipated delectation. A number of really enjoyable scenes are woven around the plot.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Comedy

In one Act for Young Ladies. By DOROTHY REYNARTZ. Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies for 50 cents.

.....CHARACTERS.....

GRACE, Age 16, }

ESTHER, Age 18, } Sisters.

HAZEL, Chambermaid.

Grace is a spoiled child with a good heart, who responds to the advice of her elder sister with stubbornness. At length she repents and is forgiven. A thoroughly enjoyable play, affording splendid opportunity for emotional acting, especially in Grace's part.

TWO MOTHERS.

Drama in Four Acts, by DOROTHY REYNARTZ. Price, per Copy, 35 cents. Seven Copies for \$1.50.

.....CHARACTERS.....

HILDEGARD, Countess of Taunberg,	CHRISTINA,	Young girls, serving In
A Widow.	AGNES,	Castle Taunberg.
ADELHEID, Her Daughter.	THE BLESSED VIRGIN.	
ELIZABETH, Hildegard's Sister.	TWO ANGELS.	
MARGARET, Wife of the Bailiff of Castle Taunberg.	THE QUEEN OF TUNIS.	
BERTHA, Her Daughter.	TWO OF HER COURT LADIES	
	SERVANT GIRLS, COURT-LADIES,	
	ETC.	

Adelheid, accompanied by Bertha, goes with many other young girls on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto. While at sea the girls are captured by African pirates, and given over to the Queen of Tunis. The Queen sets them all free with the exception of Adelheid, whose devotion to, and trust in, the Blessed Virgin angers the Queen. By a highly dramatic incident Adelheid is at last miraculously rescued through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Young Ladies' Sodalities will find this and the following play specially suited to their needs.

ST. ELIZABETH OF THURINGIA; or, the Miracle of Roses.

A Legendary Drama in Five Acts, by ELIZABETH POLDING. Price, per Copy, 35 cents. Seven Copies for \$1.50.

.....CHARACTERS.....

ELIZABETH, Landgravine of Thuringia.	KUNIGUNDE, A Peasant's Wife.
glia.	TRUDCHEN,
SOPHIE, Her Mother-in-law.	GOTTLINDE,
ROSAMUND, Countess of Falkenstein.	GERTRUDE,
BERTHA,	ADELIND,
HADING,	LIEBWARTA,
EMMA,	GERLIND,
THE CASTLE-BAILIFF.	MARTHA,
WIBORAD, Maid-Servant,	
A MESSENGER, A HERMIT, AN ANGEL, THE EMPRESS, A HERALD, YOUNG GIRLS CLAD IN WHITE, ETC.	

St. Elizabeth, beloved by the poor, whom she feeds and clothes, is persecuted by her cruel and ambitious mother-in-law, who plots to obtain Elizabeth's crown. The bailiff, Sophie's tool, is employed to watch Elizabeth's steps, but when he accuses her of having stolen the food which she gives to the poor, the contents of her basket is found to be miraculously turned into beautiful roses. The empress, hearing of Sophie's treachery, comes to Elizabeth's assistance, re-instates her to power and punishes Sophie. The play is full of dramatic incident.

HARD OF HEARING. Comedy in one Act for Young

Ladies, by OLGA STEINER. Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies for 50 cents.

.....CHARACTERS.....

DAISY, Directress pro temp,	} Pupils of LOU, Niece of Mrs. Everett,	} Mrs. Everett's ROSE, New Pupil.	Boarding School.
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Mrs. Everett has appointed Daisy directress pro temp. during her absence, much to the chagrin of Lou, who by virtue of her relationship, thinks herself entitled to that office. Daisy finds occasion to admonish Lou. Just then Rose, a new pupil, arrives, and in order to get her revenge Lou informs Rose that Daisy is quite deaf, telling Daisy the same story about Rose. This results in very laughable efforts on part of each of these two, to make themselves understood by the other, both of them at the same time inwardly resenting the supposed rudeness of the other. The play develops most comical situations and winds up with Lou getting her just dues.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET. A Comedy

in One Act by FRANCIS LESTER. Price, per Copy, 30 cents.
Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

MR. SMITH, Senator.	DOCTOR ALFRED BROWN.
BEATRICE, His Wife.	MR. WHITE, Lawyer.
LIVEWELL JONES, Merchant.	MRS. GOODCHEER, Mr. Jones'
ANNA, His Wife.	Housekeeper.
MR. JONES' CLERK.	

Mr. Jones and his young bride return home from their wedding tour. Jones had not yet revealed to his wife the secret of the family skeleton and is in dread lest she discover it; yet he has not the courage to speak to her about it. Meanwhile his wife hears queer rumors, which at first alarm her, but by tact, courage and confidence in her husband she discovers the very innocent little skeleton and all ends happily.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS; or, A Cause for Di-

vorce A Comedy in One Act by JOSEPH ROSETTI. Price,
per Copy, 30 cents. Four Copies for 75 cents.

.....CHARACTERS.....

BENEDICT BROWN.	SAMUEL MARTIN,	} Eugenia's EUGENIA, His Wife.	} Foster Parents.
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Benedict refuses flatly to allow his wife to take her parents into their home. The two ladies feel much insulted at that, and Isabella advises Eugenia how to get cause for divorce by vexing Benedict to a degree that he would strike her, with Martin and his wife waiting in an adjoining room to be witnesses to the assault. When, however, they

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS (Continued):

would-be witnesses rush in at the sound of a blow, they are surprised by the fact that Eugenia, enraged at Benedict's coolness, has struck him. All ends in happiness, but Martin vows by himself to try the experiment with Isabella. Very witty dialogue and lively action. The play is always received with storms of applause.

THE FORTUNE HUNTERS; or, Lost and Found.

Comedy in Two Acts. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

MISS HONORA DEVEREUX.	MR. BARRY O'BRIEF, Lawyer.
LADY KILCOCK.	JACOB ELDERLY, Of the Society of Friends.
MOLLY, Honora's Maid.	MR. SAWNEY OATKAKE, Laird of Glencanniboy.
CAPTAIN JACK DE LACEY.	BARNEY.
SIR LANCELOT BAGNAL.	
MR. ANDREW MERRY, Honora's Guardian.	

Honora is besieged by many suitors, who, she fears, are attracted by her wealth. To test their faith she is going to tell them that her fortune was lost in a bank failure. She confides her plan to Molly, who in turn gives the secret away to Barney, from whom Captain Lacey learns the story. The latter is much chagrined at being suspected with the rest, and when Honora apprises them all of her alleged misfortune, he leaves her as well as her other suitors, much to the grief of Honora, who is really in love with him. In a cleverly worked succession of events the lovers meet again with the usual end. Barney and Mollie furnish some highly amusing scenes.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Comedy in Four Acts. (Male Characters.) By RUPERT HOUSE. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

MR. STRONG, Retired Gentleman.	FIRST CUSTOMER.
CHARLES, His Nephew.	SECOND CUSTOMER.
HARRY, Charles' Friend.	PHYSICIAN.
MR. BUCKLEY,	POLICEMAN.
MR. ADAMS } Of Adams & Buckley, Dry Goods.	

Charles, an honest young fellow, carries his love of truth beyond prudent limits, despite his friend's protestations. This leads to a wager that Charles will yet suffer the direst consequences for his imprudent actions. Harry's prophecy comes true, as Charles is in turn disinherited by his uncle, discharged by his employers, discarded by his fiancée, and on the point of being taken to a Lunatic Asylum, when rescued by Harry, who explains all. The affair ends to everybody's satisfaction and Charles is re-instated in all his rights.

A WEB OF LIES. A Comedy in One Act by JOHN EDGAR
COME. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

HENRY CLAY, Retired Merchant.
ANNA, His Wife.
ELIZA, Her Friend.
 EUPHROSINE, Clay's Aunt.
 LEO MILLER, the Family Physician.
 JOHN STONE.

ELMIRA GREEN.

Eliza visits her friend, Mrs. Anna, and in order to be guarded against would-be suitors, she is introduced by Mrs. Anna as a married woman. This necessitates a succession of untruths to make good the first one. When Eliza falls in love with the doctor the situation becomes as embarrassing for her, as amusing for the audience. At last she is disentangled from the Web of Lies, the end being the usual engagement.

PLEASANT WEDDING GUESTS. A Comedy in
Three Acts by FANNY RITCHIE. Price, per Copy, 30 cents. Five
Copies for \$1.00.

.....CHARACTERS.....

BENJAMIN STRONG, Mayor.
MARY, His Wife.
ELIZABETH, } Their Daughters.
ANNA,
THOMAS, Their Son.
JOHN HILL, of Forest Hill, Adiron-
dacks.
MRS. GOODENOUGH.

MR. HOPPER.

The Mayor's daughter is to be married, when an aunt of Mr. Strong, a peevish old maid, and an aged uncle of the bridegroom make unexpectedly their appearance as wedding guests. They succeed in making themselves a grievous nuisance. At length they recognize each other as old friends, and the old uncle is skillfully led by the susceptible spinster to propose marriage to her. A very amusing comedy.

THE NEW SQUIRE. Comedy In One Act. By FRANCIS
MCENROE. Price, per Copy, 35 cents. Five Copies for \$1.25.

.....CHARACTERS.....

BARON OF BERGEN. ♠ **FRED**, His Ward and Nephew.
FRANCIS, His Valet. ♠ **HERMAN**, { Peasants.
THE MAYOR. ♠ **CONRAD**.

PEASANTS.

The Baron of Bergen, while on the way to take possession of a large domain, fallen to him by inheritance, is detained and sends his valet ahead. The peasants of the domain mistake the valet for the Baron. The valet vastly flattered and pleased at the honors offered him, keeps up the delusion, and brings about a pretty state of affairs, when at the critical moment, the impostor is unmasksed by the arrival of the real Baron.

**THE DAWN OF REDEMPTION; or, The
Adoration of the Magi Kings.** A Christmas Play
in Four Acts by ELIZABETH POLDING. Price, per Copy, 30
cents. Eight Copies for \$1.50.

.....CHARACTERS.....

GASPARD,	Wise Men from the East.	FIRST SHEPHERD.
MELCHIOR,		SECOND SHEPHERD.
BALTHASAR,		GOAS, A Singer.
THE VIRGIN MARY.		SLAVE.
SAINt JOSEPH.		FIRST JEW.
THE INFANT JESUS.		SECOND JEW.
THE KING HEROD.		SHEPHERDS, JUDGES, HIGH
THE KING'S FAVORITE PAGE.		PRIESTS, GUARDS, ANGELS,
THE ANGEL GABRIEL.		POPULACE.

A Christmas Play, which is somewhat more pretentious than the general run of what is offered under this name. It has a clever plot and interesting dialogue, and is interspersed with vocal and instrumental (Piano) selections, the vocal numbers to be sung to appropriate music. The Court of King Herod, the Magi Kings and their train of followers, afford opportunities of staging the play with much splendor. Withal it also adapts itself effectively to moderate resources.

French Plays.

Persons in charge of Institutes and Young Ladies' Circles, must be familiar with the difficulty of meeting with short French plays, fitted in all respects to be read or acted by young ladies. The publishers have been induced to publish a few plays that will be found to be just as suitable for acting, as for reading with divided parts in French classes.

SUZANNE. Comédie en un Acte. Price, per Copy, 40 cents. Six Copies for \$1.50.

.....PERSONNAGES.....

MME. BELESMES.	AGATHE, Cousine d' Elisa.
MME. DERVIEUX, Nièce de Mme. Belesmes.	DAME GERTRUDE, Vieille Gouvernante.
ELISA, Fille de Mme. Dervieux.	

LA DEMOISELLE DE COMPAGNIE. Comédie en un Acte. Price per Copy, 40 cents. Six Copies for \$1.50.

.....PERSONNAGES.....

MME. DE KERADEC.	MME. MITONNET, Portière.
Mlle ROSALIE, Vieille Femme de Chambre.	CLAIRe, Jeune Femme de Chambre.
Chambre.	MARIE de Keradec.

ROSALBA.

(Mme. Mitonnet speaks her part in the Briton dialect.)

Operettas.

A PEACEFUL ASSAULT.

Musical Comedy for Boys, in One Act.

By GEORGE ATHERTON.

Price, per Copy, Words and Music 50 cents.

.....CHARACTERS.....

DOBSTON, Mayor of Mokitoville.
JOHN, His Servant.

LETTER CARRIERS, POLICEMEN,
CADETS, CHORUS-BOYS, FIRE-
MEN, A DRUM AND FIFE CORPS.

The Mayor is candidate for a higher office and his subjects surprise him by waiting upon him in delegations, to assure him of their loyalty and support. This comedy is specially suited for schools and colleges having at disposal a large number of boys. The music is original, easy and melodious. The various delegations marching in to the strains of music, or singing spirited songs, present a pretty spectacle. A very amusing entertainment.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS; or, The Cousin and the Maid.

An Operetta for Young Ladies, in One Act.

By GEORGE ATHERTON.

Price, per Copy, Words and Music 50 cents.

.....CHARACTERS.....

Anna is entrusted with the reigns of the household during her mother's absence. Both, a cousin, whom she has not met before, and the new servant girl, are due just that day, and Anna is unfortunate enough in taking one for the other. The situations are highly comical. The music is easy and pleasing.

THE DAWN OF REDEMPTION.

(See page 9)

School and College Plays.



The stage has at all times been looked upon as a school of morals and the lessons conveyed by the proceedings on the stage, leave deep and lasting impressions. We may then conclude that children's plays, having so much attraction and fascination for young audiences, and affecting deeply their minds, afford an excellent means of moral instruction and education.

Our purpose in publishing a number of children's plays is to supply material which will help to impress little hearts and minds with filial love, respect of parents and superiors, generosity toward the weak and humble, politeness towards all, patriotism, charity, the sense of duty, and with a true understanding of the necessity of work.

The moral is however not so pointed as to render the plays dull, on the contrary, THE PLOTS ARE CLEVER, THE DIALOGUES BRIGHT, the language simple but refined, and the interest well sustained. The plays are not above the ability and skill of the pupils, and have stood the test of performance with success; they are NEW AND ORIGINAL.

Note 1. The age, indicated with a character, is a suggestion as to age of child suited for the part.

Note 2. In every play any number of children may be added for effective grouping, etc.

FOUR SHORT PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. By ELLA

KEATINGE. Price, per Copy 50 cents.

1. The Little Magician.

..... CHARACTERS.....

THE MAGICIAN (Age 12).

LITTLE TOM (Age 5).

A Number of Little Boys and Girls,
ages from 6 to 10.

2, The Sick Doll.

..... CHARACTERS.....

JOSEPHINE, The Mother (Age 9).

ANNA, The Nurse (Age 7).

THE DOCTOR (Age 8).

VICTORIA, The Doll.

3. The Nightingale and the Lark.

..... CHARACTERS.....

THE NIGHTINGALE (Age 8).

THE LARK (Age 7).

Several Children, Ages from 6 to 8.

4. A Christmas Eve Adventure.

..... CHARACTERS.....

JONES, A Barber (Age 11).

MRS. JONES (Age 10).

CLERK (Age 9).

DOCTOR (Age 13).

LADY CUSTOMER (Age 12).

AT THE FIRE SIDE ; or, Little Bird Blue.

A Play for Children in Three Acts. By ELIZABETH POLDING.
Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies, 50 cents.

..... CHARACTERS.....

AUNT RACHEL, (Age 12). ⚜ ELIZABETH, Her Grand-niece (Age 7.)
ROBERT, Her Grand-nephew (Age 6). ⚜ POSTMAN (Age 9).

PETER, A Servant (Age 9).

The curtain rises upon a pretty scene, Aunt Rachel seated in an easy chair, Robert at her feet reading aloud from a book, Elizabeth dressing her doll. The children get tired of all this and torment Auntie to tell them one of her own stories. The postman brings a letter from father. Meanwhile Peter makes himself a general nuisance in a very amusing manner. Altogether a lovely picture of family life.

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

A Play for Children. In Two Acts. By JOSEPH ROSETTI. Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Five Copies for 75 cents.

..... CHARACTERS.....

VIRGINIA, The Little Daughter of the ⚜ LIEUTENANT WOOD, of Roosevelt's Regiment (Age 8). ⚜ Rough Riders (Age 13)
TOM, Drummer Boy (Age 7). ⚜ BERNARD, A Farmer (Age 14)
SOME FARMERS AND THEIR WIVES. ⚜ URSLA, his Wife (Age 13)

Virginia, when a baby, was picked up by Lieutenant Wood after a skirmish with Indians, left by them at the roadside. Ever since she has been with the soldiers, and is now with them on the way to Santiago. The troop halts for the night, and Virginia, Wood and Tom find lodging with Farmer Bernard. The farmer tells them of his only son who died a soldier's death while fighting the Indians. In a cleverly worked and touching climax it develops that Virginia is Bernard's granddaughter. A very effective tableau with singing concludes the play.

THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

A Play for Children. In Two Acts. By ELLA KEATINGE.
Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies, 50 cents.

..... CHARACTERS.....

MRS. SCHUYLER, Mother of the Children (Age 14).	ANDREW, RICHARD, EMILY,	Mrs. Schuyler's Children (Ages from 8 to 10.)
JULIA, Nurse (Age 12).	ANNA	
LITTLE JOE, (Age 5.)		

The children sit together on a rainy day, much disappointed at the promised outing had to be postponed. They do not know how to pass the time, until one happens to think of the old trunk in the garret, which contains old costumes, relics of their ancestors. Mother gives permission to fetch down the trunk, and a jolly masquerade follows. Little Joe, who furnishes much fun, is transformed into a dear little page. The play ends with a very pretty tableau.

IN THE FOREST. A Play for Children. In Three Acts. By

JOSEPH ROSETTI.

Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies, 50 cents

..... CHARACTERS.....

ELLA (Age 7).

ALICE, His Daughter (Age 8).

JOSEPH (Age 8).

MRS. BROWN, Grandmother of Alice

A FORESTER (Age 10).

(Age 13).

MR. BROWN (Age 12).

MARY, The Maid (Age 9).

Ella and Joseph, two poor children, are gathering firewood in the forest, when the forester comes across them, and drags them along to his master, Mr. Brown. Mrs. Brown and Alice take pity on the children and comfort them. Upon learning of the destitute condition of the poor children's mother, a widow, Mr. Brown arranges that care be taken of mother and children, and all, even the grim old forester, join in showing them their sympathy. A touching play, supplying an excellent lesson in practical charity.

THE LITTLE BAKER. A Play for Children in Two

Acts. By ELLA KEATINGE. Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies, 50 cents.

..... CHARACTERS.....

BAKER (Age 9).

Two Little Boys, } (Ages 6 and 7)

NURSE (Age 10).

Two Little Girls, }

The little baker is making dough, the while he explains his fondness for baking. The nurse comes in, ordering cake for a children's party. The party is however sorely disappointed through the little baker's fondness for cake. When at last the cake arrives, in a very unsatisfactory condition, the wretched little baker frankly confesses his fault, and is finally forgiven. The party winds up with singing.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE. A Play for Children in Three Acts. By ELLA KEATINGE.

Price, per Copy, 25 cents. Three Copies for 50 cents.

..... CHARACTERS.....

JOSEPH, An Aged Shoemaker (Age 12). JACK, His Little Grand-son (Age 8). LOUISA, His Grand-daughter (Age 7).

MARTHA, A Neighbor (Age 10).

Joseph and Martha are worried about the long absence of the children on a cold winter evening. At length the children arrive, having some surprises for the old man from kind friends. Joseph tells the children of olden Christmas times and Christmas customs. In the second act the children tell each other their dreams about a little Christmas tree. Joseph is meanwhile secretly fixing up a tree for them, and when on Christmas morning the children come home from church they find Santa Claus has left them a beautiful little tree, around which all gather and sing tuneful Christmas Carols.

"A TREASURE TROVE FOR TEACHERS."

The Ave Maria.

"AMUSING AND EXCELLENT."

The Catholic News.

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AND

HUMOROUS ACTION SONGS

For BOYS and GIRLS.

Suitable Words. Pleasing Airs. Full Directions and Diagrams,
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For Schools and Entertainments.

ARRANGED BY RICHARD HARDMAN.

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Song and Drill.

THE MIRROR DRILL,—Musical Exercise.

MY UNCLE'S FARM,—Humorous Action Song, with
Chorus.

OUR BOOTBLACK BRIGADE,—Character Song, with
Chorus.

UNCLE SAM'S LITTLE DRUM-BOYS,—Character Song,
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with Chorus.

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Dance.

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and Chorus.

THE MERRY DAIRYMAIDS,—Character Song, with
Action and Chorus.

OUR BABY,—Musical Recitation for very little Children,
Solo and Chorus.

RECESS DRILL,—Humorous and Lively.

MUSICAL FLAG DRILL, OR FAN DRILL.

THE RAINBOW RIBBON DRILL.

UNCLE SAM'S JOLLY TARS,—Action Song, with Chorus.

**NEW MUSICAL DRILLS
AND
HUMOROUS ACTION SONGS
For BOYS and GIRLS.
FOR SCHOOLS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.**

Arranged by RICHARD HARDMAN.

PRICE, \$1.00.

Uncle Sam's Jolly Tars.

Action Song with Chorus for Boys or Girls.

The image shows a musical score for piano. The top staff is in treble clef and consists of six measures of sixteenth-note patterns. The bottom staff is in bass clef and consists of four measures of eighth-note chords. The score is labeled "PIANO" and includes a "SPECIMEN" label at the top left.

VOICES.
Strict time. Lightly.

Six jolly tar^s come a-shore are we, We've said "Good-bye" to the sun,
You know they call us tar^s when we're on the sea, The ship a ~~was~~ must be
a we of tension the sea feel a dreadful calm, And but the ship can

"Our Baby."

(Recitation, Solo with Chorus.)

SPECIMEN

Directions.

The Recitation and Solo should be taken by as small a girl as possible.
The Chorus refrain should be sung very softly throughout, and is most effective when unaccompanied.

If only two parts are available, the 1st and 2nd treble parts should be taken, with the exception of the last two bars, when the 2nd trebles should take the two bars given in the copy to the contraltos. In this case the piano should be used.

The spirit of the words will readily suggest to the teacher the "way" in which the piece should be said.

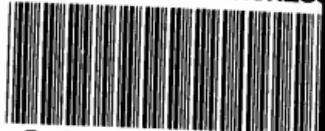
*Recita You haven't seen our baby yet, he's not been out I know,
He only came quite lately, just about a month ago.
But he's such a little fellow, with a pretty dimpled chin,
His eyes are blue as can be, and so soft and white his skin.
He's going to be my brother, and I'm *very* glad his skin
I shall have a little playmate when he gets a bigger lad,
But at present he does little else than lie and sleep all day,
And often when I'm noisy, I can hear my mother say.*

Smoothly.
SOLO.

VOICE. 

Move a - bout soft - ly, ba-bya a - sleep, Peace-ful-ly

PIANO. 



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